

# ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

Annual Meeting of the Chicago Historical Society,

NOVEMBER 19TH, 1868.

BY

HON. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, PRESIDENT,

AND

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND  
MAJOR ANDERSON IN THE BLACK-HAWK WAR, LUTHER HAVEN, GEORGE  
MANIERRE, AND OTHER EARLY SETTLERS  
IN CHICAGO.

TOGETHER WITH

A SKETCH OF THE LATE COL. JOHN H. KINZIE,

BY HIS WIFE,

JULIETTE A. KINZIE.

Read before the Society, Tremont House, Tuesday Eve, July 17, 1877.

SKETCHES OF BILLY CALDWELL AND SHABONEE,

By WM. HICKLING, ESQ. AND COL. G. S. HUBBARD.

AND

"THE WINNEBAGO SCARE,"

By HIRAM W. BECKWITH, ESQ.




CHICAGO:

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## MR. SCAMMON'S ADDRESS.

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The Society was called to order by Hon. J. Young Scammon, who spoke as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Chicago Historical Society gratefully rejoices in being able to exhibit to you this fine building, and so much of a great public library. It is only a few years since some gentlemen met together in the upper story of a building on LaSalle Street, when there was scarcely a business house south of us—the one where we met being between Lake and Randolph Streets. They were a few people who were desirous of doing something to found a public library for the City of Chicago. The leading mind, then, was the Rev. William Barry, our first Secretary and Treasurer, who is now in Europe. From that movement has resulted this fine edifice, and so much of the great public library as we now possess.

I am reminded by the fact that, at the last meeting of the Society which I had the pleasure of attending, the death of Mr. William H. Brown, our first President, was announced, and that, on this day, the removal to the spiritual world of the last President who has ever presided over this institution, has been made known through the public press—of the transitory character of individual life. Such events should deeply impress upon the minds of all the necessity that those of us who desire to administer upon our own estates, or labor for this and similar institutions, while we have anything to work with, should at once take hold and do something to endow the public institutions—the great charities which we owe to the City of Chicago and to the State of Illinois, which have made us what we are.

I do not admit that any man who endows the Chicago Historical Society, the University of Chicago, the Academy of Sciences, the Chicago Astronomical Society, or any other of our public institutions, is a *mere donor* to the public good. Every man who has made his fortune, or found his home, his prosperity, or his happiness in this land, owes it to the public, owes it to Chicago, owes it to the State of Illinois, owes it to his duty and his God, to see that those institutions, which it is our duty now to found, are placed upon a solid basis.



The great want of this institution, at the present time, is pecuniary means. These could be furnished at once if one-quarter of the people of Chicago, who have the ability—an ability gained while living here—would come forward and do their duty.

If one hundred men would follow the example of the thirty who have already become Life Members and paid over three hundred dollars each, we should at once be lifted out of our present embarrassment; and two hundred permanent members would place the Society beyond all want, after our edifice shall have been paid for. We have an example of the danger of a man putting off the carrying out of his intention to endow this institution. Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, former Attorney-General of the United States, whose portrait is now before you, a noble man, who had large real estate in Chicago, and an equally great heart, left, by his will, a legacy to this institution. He intended to found, endow, and maintain perpetually, a department of this institution; and there is a provision for it in his will; but legal gentlemen say that it is doubtful whether the laws of Pennsylvania permit his executors to carry out the intention of the testator; and there is danger of losing the legacy.

All that we have, no matter how much we may call our own—all that we have—is *what we possess while we have the power of using it*. We neither own that which we leave behind us, nor that which we can not control. We can only administer the powers we possess while living, whether they are intellectual, mental, or pecuniary. The duty of those who found cities and states belongs to us—to lay the foundation-stones broad and deep.

It is not my desire to address you at any length on this occasion. One of our oldest and most distinguished members has consented to perform this office. It remains for me only to bid you a hearty welcome to our rooms and library, while I request each and all who are present to do the Society the honor to subscribe their names in our Autograph Book, which now lies upon the table before me. I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, who will now address you.

## MR. ARNOLD'S ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT—MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY—  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Our meeting this evening is saddened by the intelligence, just received, of the melancholy death, upon the sea, of the President of our Society, Walter L. Newberry.\* Intelligence of this mournful event reaches us so late, that we can but announce the fact, and defer to some future occasion the rendition, by the Society, of those honors to his memory, which all feel are so justly due to a citizen so prominent, a man so just, and an associate so useful and efficient.

### CHICAGO IN ITS INFANCY.

Perhaps there is no more striking illustration of the growth of the Republic than that furnished by the history of Chicago.

On the 10th of May, 1833, thirty-five years ago, the few settlers then residing here organized as a village, and, at the first election of Trustees, there were cast, in all, twenty-eight votes; the highest vote received by any one candidate was twenty-six, given for our late esteemed fellow-citizen, George W. Dole. Four years later, the people of the town asked, and obtained, from the Legislature, a City Charter. The first municipal election occurred in May, 1837; the candidates for Mayor were William B. Ogden and John H. Kinzie, and the whole number of votes cast were 708, of which Mr. Ogden received a small majority. A census of the people showed a population of 4170.

As an illustration of the busy activity of the people, then, as now, a trait so characteristic, I may mention, that the persons taking the census, being required by law to report the occupation of each individual, found but one man in all the town without regular employment, and this one they designated as a "*loafer*."

Now, that the population of the city is nearly 300,000, it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether the ratio of one to 4000 has not been increased.

\* By the death of the only surviving children of Mr. Newberry, one-half of his very large estate (estimated at from three to five or six millions in amount) is left in trust for the establishment and maintenance of a Public Library for Chicago, to be located in the north division of the City.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Twelve years ago last April, the Historical Society of Chicago was organized. A few gentlemen, at the instance of Dr. William Barry, formed an Association for the purpose of collecting and preserving the memorials of history, and especially of the history of the North-west, and were chartered by the name of "*The Chicago Historical Society.*"

The founders of our city, those who have made its history, many of them still live, and to-day are in the full meridian of their activity and usefulness. Those who founded this Institution are also, most of them, still among us. The first organization was made on the 24th day of April, 1856, and the Society was first composed of the following gentlemen: William H. Brown, William B. Ogden, J. Y. Scammon, M. Brayman, Mark Skinner, Geo. Manierre, John H. Kinzie, J. V. Z. Blaney, E. I. Tinkham, J. D. Webster, Rev. A. Smallwood, Van H. Higgins, N. S. Davis, Chas. H. Ray, S. D. Ward, M. D. Ogden, Dr. F. Scammon, E. B. McCagg, Rev. Dr. Wm. Barry, and I. N. Arnold.

The first officers of the Society were Wm. H. Brown, President; Wm. B. Ogden and J. Y. Scammon, Vice Presidents; S. D. Ward, Treasurer; Rev. Wm. Barry, Recording Secretary and Librarian; and Chas. H. Ray, Corresponding Secretary.

From this beginning, down to the present time, the Society has been small in the number of its members, and with very limited pecuniary means at its disposal; it has pursued its course unostentatiously and quietly, but with an industry and perseverance which have been crowned with very gratifying results.

## "ITS TREASURES."

When we look upon this spacious and perfectly fire-proof structure,\* which, with the grounds belonging to the Society, cost about \$60,000,—these grounds ample for future enlargement; when we enter these walls and examine our treasures, we have reason to be well satisfied. We have of

Bound volumes.....	15,412
Pamphlets.....	72,104
Files of Newspapers.....	1,738
Manuscripts.....	4,689
Maps and Charts.....	1,200
Cabinet collections.....	380
Miscellaneous (including prints).....	4,682

Making an aggregate of.....100,205  
gathered in twelve years.

\*This statement was made, of course, before the great fire of 1871 demonstrated its error.



## "DOCTOR BARRY."

Of those who were with us in the first organization of the Society all but seven still survive, and many additional names of efficient working members have been added to our list. It is not for me to speak, to-day, of those who have labored so faithfully in gathering these historic and literary treasures. But I may, I think, without being invidious, refer to our first Secretary and Librarian, Dr. Barry, now absent in Europe, who, more than any other one man, was the founder of the Society.

From the first President, W. H. Brown, and his successor, W. L. Newberry, he received always the most efficient and active co-operation.

## "HON. WILLIAM H. BROWN, LUTHER HAVEN, AND GEORGE MANIERRE."

Other voices and other pens, in other days, will do justice to those who founded and have fostered this Institution; but it is impossible, on such an occasion as this, to forget those, among the earliest and most active of our members, whose labors are finished, the volume of whose earthly history has been closed. I may mention, among such, William H. Brown, our first President, the early settler, whose able pen powerfully aided in saving our noble State from the curse of Slavery; Luther Haven, the honest man, the faithful friend, the upright public officer, the model American citizen, as true and devoted to this country as ever was the noblest citizen of Rome; George Manierre, the learned lawyer and upright judge, whose judicial character was as pure as that of a Marshall or a Kent.

## JOHN H. KINZIE.

Of our late associate, Col. John H. Kinzie, I may speak somewhat more fully; although time will not permit me to attempt doing justice to his very interesting life and character.

No one has been more identified with Chicago, from its first settlement to the day of his death, than he. He was born on the 7th day of July, 1803; his family then residing at Detroit. While an infant he was carried, in an Indian cradle, to the banks of the St. Joseph River, in Michigan.

In 1804, he was brought, by his father, to Chicago, the family arriving on the 4th day of July, and coming in company with Major Whistler, with troops to construct Fort Dearborn. The family took up their residence on the north side of the Chicago River, nearly opposite the Fort, and here he spent his infancy, until the breaking out of the war of 1812. At the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre, which took place in 1812—an event which has been so well described by the graphic pen of the widow

of Mr. Kinzie—he was nine years old. The manner in which the family was preserved, amidst the horrors of that massacre, illustrates the gratitude of the Indians for many acts of kindness received from the family. Some Chiefs, knowing what was to be done by their young men, whom they professed to be unable to restrain, guarded the boat in which was Mrs. Kinzie and her children; protected them until the fight was over, and then carefully escorted them in safety to the St. Joseph River. The family went to Detroit, remained there until after its capture by Gen. Harrison, and until 1816, when they returned to their desolate home at Chicago. The bones of the soldiers, murdered by the Indians at the time of the massacre, four years before, were still lying unburied on the prairie near the lake shore, where the troops had been ambushed and killed. The troops who rebuilt Fort Dearborn collected these remains and interred them near the place where Madison Street, if extended, would now intersect the Illinois Central Railroad. The construction of the Chicago harbor caused the waters of the lake to encroach upon the shore, so that the coffins in which these remains were placed were exposed, and it became necessary to inter them in a place of greater security.

In 1818, being then in his sixteenth year, young Kinzie was taken by his father to Mackinaw, to be indentured to the American Fur Company. It was at Mackinaw, during the long isolation of the winter months, that he learned to play the violin, his instructress being a half-breed Indian woman. The early settlers of Chicago should ever hold in grateful remembrance this Indian woman, for none of them will ever forget the music with which Col. Kinzie enlivened so many of our early social gatherings. In 1824, he was transferred from Mackinaw to Prairie du Chien, and there he learned the language of the Winnebagoes, and compiled, in part, a grammar of their tongue.\* Previous to this, on attaining the age of twenty-one, he had visited his parents at Chicago, coasting in a small row-boat the western shore of Lake Michigan all the way from Mackinaw.

Some time before 1826, he received an invitation from Gen. Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Territory of Michigan, to become his Private Secretary. While associated with Gen. Cass, who was ex-officio Superintendent of the Northern Tribes, he was engaged in many treaties and negotiations with the red-men. His influence over them was great, and such was the confidence they placed in his integrity that he was often called by the Chiefs to stand by their side during their "*talks*" with the "*Big Knives*," and to tell them whether what was said was truthfully interpreted.

\* He was adopted by the Winnebagoes, who conferred upon him the name of "*Shaw-nee-au-kee*."



While in the service of General Cass he was sent to Northern Ohio to study the language of the Wyandotte Indians. Such was his familiarity with the Indian dialects that he rapidly learned their language and compiled a grammar of it also. In 1829, he was appointed Indian Agent, and fixed his residence at Fort Winnebago. He married in 1830, and continued to reside for some time with his "red children," by whom he was ever regarded as a kind and watchful "Father."

In 1833, the Kinzie family having established their pre-emption to the quarter section on which the family residence had stood since 1804, Col. Kinzie (such was his title as aid to Gen. Cass) came with Lieut. David Hunter,\* who had married his sister, to Chicago, and together they laid out "*Kinzie's Addition*." In 1834, he came to Chicago with his family to reside. He was the first President of the village, and from that time until his death he held various offices of honor and trust, receiving appointments from Presidents Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. He was ever faithful, honest, and upright, and, although his whole life was passed upon the frontier, he was, in morals and manners, the model of a Christian gentleman. A kinder and more benevolent heart never beat. Chicago may have lost citizens of higher positions, but no one more beloved and cherished, by all who knew him, than John H. Kinzie.

These are among the names, the records of whose lives shall be preserved, not only upon the pages of our Historical Society, but upon the annals of our City and State.

#### THE NEW LIBRARY ROOM.

I have alluded to our success as a Society, the richness and variety of these treasures of learning, and I congratulate you upon our getting into these new, attractive, quiet, and safe quarters. This, I trust, will be the beginning of a new epoch in the history of our Society, and that, from this time, we shall take a new departure.

When we pass around these alcoves, look over these crowded shelves, and count up our acquisitions, I think we may appeal with some confidence to our fellow-citizens for their aid and countenance in the future.

#### "THE LIBRARY."

Little more than twelve years have elapsed since our organization; twelve years, the most eventful and important in American history. If we have done nothing else, we may look over our acquisitions, in the shape of materials for contemporaneous history, with the consciousness that in the days to come the histo-

\*Now General Hunter.

rian, who may wish to study the great conflict through which the republic has lately passed, will find the materials upon our shelves to an extent equal, it is believed, with those of any other collection in the land. Our library is believed to be nearly complete in the documents and publications of the United States Government, in every department, from its organization down to the present time. This is, also, true of the Territorial and State Governments of Illinois, including all the laws, journals, and records of every department. We have large collections of the documents of the North-western Territories and States; and especial efforts were made by the late Secretary, Dr. Barry, to collect the session laws and legislative records of all the Colonies, and of all the States and Territories from their first organization down. We have those of Virginia for two hundred years; those of Massachusetts, very nearly complete, from the beginning; those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey for one hundred years; and those of the Western States, including Ohio, nearly perfect. The value of these, for reference and as exhibiting precedents in legislation and as illustrating the history of the Republic, will be appreciated by all scholars, statesmen, legislators, and historical inquirers.

#### EARLY HISTORY OF AMERICA.

Very considerable progress has been made in obtaining a complete collection of early American history, running back to the first discoveries and settlements in the sixteenth century, and down to the period of the Revolution.

#### EARLY HISTORY OF THE WEST.

In the early history of the West—all that is known of Indian tradition and history, the French discoveries, explorations, settlements, and missionary efforts, a history full of romantic interest, wild adventure, and thrilling incident, the English discoveries and settlements, and the war between France and Great Britain, which involved their colonies—our collections are especially rich. We have the narratives of the earliest explorers of the North-west, including, among others, Charlevoix, La Salle, Hennepin, Marquette, with many rare maps and charts of the New World in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

#### THE EARLY FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

There is no more romantic page in American history than that which records the efforts of the French Missionaries and explorers to plant the Lily and the Cross, emblems of France and Christianity, in the West. They dotted the continent from Quebec along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the great lakes, and by Detroit, Mackinaw, Kaskaskia, and St. Louis, to the Gulf of Mexico, with



their missionary stations and settlements. In these settlements prevailed an innocent gayety, a purity of manners, and an almost Acadian simplicity, such as Longfellow has scarcely exaggerated in "Evangeline."

The French were superseded by a bolder, hardier, fiercer race, which had its representative men in such as Gen. George Rogers Clarke and Daniel Boone, men of iron frames and of iron wills—fit founders of States and Commonwealths. These early annals of the North-west need but the pen of a Scott, a Cooper, or an Irving to make the Lakes and the Illinois and Mississippi country as attractive in romantic association as these writers have rendered the Highlands of Scotland and the Hudson and Susquehanna of New York.

#### CANADIAN HISTORY.

The important commercial relations between the North-west and the British Colonies, which border the lakes and the banks of their great outlet, and the early connection between them, have led to important collections of Canadian history, statistics, and topography.

The materials for the history of the North-west, its early explorers, its settlements, its Indian wars, its institutions of education and religion, its politics, the growth and settlements of its towns and cities, its commerce and trade, its vast system of railroads, have been carefully gathered and preserved, and, it is believed, are possessed by our Society in greater fulness and completeness than can be found elsewhere.

#### MAPS AND CHARTS.

In maps and charts, in manuscripts, in newspapers and pamphlets, we have materials of great value, illustrating, to some extent, every period in American history.

#### THE REBELLION—NEWSPAPERS AND PAMPHLETS.

But probably the most valuable of the acquisitions of our Society are its large collections of books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, and maps relating to the Rebellion. Our late ever-vigilant Secretary, Dr. Barry, foreseeing the conflict, had made one of the largest collections of books and pamphlets upon the subject of slavery and the anti-slavery movement in the United States in existence.

When the Rebellion broke out he, in connection with other members of the Society, made comprehensive efforts to secure all that was of value in the contemporaneous history of this great struggle. It is believed that in books, pamphlets, newspapers, letters, and manuscripts, illustrating the war, its causes, its history in the field and in civil life, in its military, financial, and legisla-

tive departments, few, if any, collections are more complete than ours.

I need hardly say that, having made this department a specialty during the progress of the conflict, it is of the utmost importance to continue our efforts in this direction until we shall have in our collection everything which can illustrate this most interesting period in American history.

#### NATIONAL AND STATE PUBLICATIONS.

Our Society has arrangements by which it receives all the publications of the National Government and those of the State of Illinois and several of the other States. We receive all the publications of the Smithsonian Institute and several other scientific institutions, and have established regular exchanges with a large number of learned societies, including most of the State and local historical societies of the country.

I have thus stated, in brief, what the Society has accomplished, and have endeavored to give some idea of its means of usefulness. We have, as you see, ample room in which to place its acquisitions in a position for convenient reference, study, and examination, and in a place of absolute safety.

#### AN INCIDENT.

As an illustration of the rapid growth of our State, and the rich field of local historical research open before us, permit me to digress long enough to narrate an incident which will, I think, interest you.

Most of you have seen the beautiful and flourishing town of Dixon, on Rock River, named after the venerable man who literally pitched his tent and built his solitary cabin on its site, less than forty years ago.

In 1832, John Dixon kept the ferry across Rock River, and the latch-string of his hospitable home was never drawn in against the stranger. The Black-Hawk War was pending, and settlers and whole families had been killed and scalped upon the prairie. The National Government sent Gen. Scott, with some regular troops, to Chicago, and to these were added some companies of Illinois mounted volunteers, called out by Governor Reynolds, to aid in protecting the settlers and chastising the Indians.

Among the regulars who met on the banks of Rock River, at the crossing then called "Dixon's Ferry," under the immediate command of General Atkinson, were Lieutenant-Colonel Zachary Taylor, subsequently President of the United States; Lieutenant Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumpter; Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and *Private Abraham Lincoln*, of Captain Iles' company of



Illinois Mounted Rangers.\* These facts I received from John Dixon, a hale man of more than eighty years, still living.† Anderson and Davis were young lieutenants, just from West Point, and Lincoln was a tall and boyish-looking young man of twenty-two. So far as I know, our fellow-citizen, Gurdon S. Hubbard, is the only living citizen of Chicago who was engaged in this expedition against Black-Hawk.

When Major Anderson visited Washington, after his evacuation of Fort Sumpter, he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. After the Chief Magistrate had expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct in South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln said: "Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?" "No," replied Anderson, "I have no recollection of ever having had that pleasure." "My memory is better than yours," said Lincoln. "You mustered me into the United States service, as a high private of the Illinois volunteers, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black-Hawk War."

Father Dixon, the ferryman, and guide of the United States forces, and even then well known by the Winnebagoes as "*Nachusa*," or "Whitehead," says that in all the marches, whenever the forces approached a grove or depression, in which an Indian ambush might be concealed, and scouts were sent forward to examine the cover, Lincoln was the first man selected; and he adds that while many, as they approached the place of suspected ambush, found an excuse for dismounting to adjust girths or saddles, Lincoln's saddle was always in perfect order. "*Nachusa*" adds two or three other facts in regard to Lincoln: One was that while the little army was encamped around the Ferry, every evening, when off duty, Lincoln could be found sitting on the grass, with a group of soldiers, eagerly listening to his stories, of which his supply seemed, even at that early day, inexhaustible; and that no one could induce the young volunteer to taste the whiskey which his fellow-soldiers, grateful for the amusement which he afforded them, often pressed upon him.

#### THE SOCIETY'S FIELD OF USEFULNESS.

Permit me to add some considerations which should secure for this Institution the aid of the public.

Its field of usefulness is not less broad and national than that of any similar institution in the country,

The position of Chicago, as the metropolitan city of the Northwest, is, I suppose, fixed. Its vast railroad system, its lake commerce through New York and by the St. Lawrence to the ocean,

\* See note on page 26.

† Now deceased.

its connection, by canal, with the great central river of the continent; already the great depot of the staples of an agricultural district continental in its extent; the centre of the products of the forest, the mines, and the fields of the great central regions of the Republic; soon, by means of the Pacific Railroad, to be the great distributor of the products of the old Asiatic world, as it now is of the new, it must of necessity be the great city of the interior, perhaps of the nation.

If Chicago, already so eminent in many things, aspires to become also a literary centre, and to irradiate the great valley of which she is the commercial representative, she must foster with liberal aid and generous appreciation her literary institutions; more, she must encourage and honor men of culture, letters, and science.

Her merchant princes must learn that while it is something to build an elevator, to make a harbor, to open a canal, to construct a railroad, it is also something equally honorable, at least, to found a library, to establish a college, a university, or a school of learning.

No one doubts that our citizens have the bold enterprise, the sleepless activity, the earnestness, and energy which will enable them to make the most of their material advantages, but no wise citizen will be satisfied with this. It is time for Chicago to aim at a generous emulation with her sisters in the arts, in taste, in letters, in all those pursuits which give grace, elevation, and dignity to the human intellect and character.

Chicago must not follow Carthage, or Venice, or Liverpool, or Amsterdam, alone, as models; let her learn, also, from Alexandria, Athens, and Florence.

It is time, I think, that our local pride, of which, perhaps, we have a *quantum sufficit*, should adopt higher objects. It is time for a new advance.

We have boasted long enough of our grain-elevators, our railroads, our trade in wheat and lumber, our business palaces; let us now have libraries, galleries of art, scientific museums, noble architecture, and public parks, specimens of landscape gardening, and a local literature; otherwise there is danger that Chicago will become merely a place where ambitious young men will come to make money and achieve a fortune, and then go elsewhere to enjoy it. You must have culture, taste, beauty, art, literature, or there is danger that our city will become a town of mere traders and money-getters; rude, unlettered, hard, sharp, and grasping. Let us sow the seed generously, and, even if we do not ourselves live to gather the fruit, those who shall hereafter reap the harvest will bless the sowers.



## THE SEAT OF EMPIRE.

There is one other consideration to which I wish to allude, which adds vastly to the importance of our field of labor and the responsibility of those who are to shape the future of the great central regions of the Republic.

Early in the eighteenth century, while the British colonies were still feeble, and so near the sea that the roar of its waves were yet resounding in their ears, an English writer, in a fervor of prophetic inspiration, exclaimed:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way,  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

To-day it needs no prophecy to see that the “Star of Empire” will rest upon the great valley of the Mississippi. Here in this great central region of the Republic, *is to be*—perhaps, since the close of the great rebellion, it is not too much to say, *is already*—the seat of empire. It is a truth, which the world is learning to recognize, that the people of the great valley are likely to be broader and more national in their views, less sectional, perhaps less provincial, than their brethren east and south.

It is a curious fact, that the leading minds of the late war—those who controlled events in civil and military affairs—most of them originated and were trained in the West. Lincoln, the master spirit, the representative American of the age, drawing his great ideas from the region of which he was the outgrowth; Chase, who, as a financier, was not inferior to the younger Pitt; Stanton, the war minister, of whom it has been so often said, as it was of Carnot, “He organized victory;” Grant, the ever-victorious; Sherman, whose pen was as sharp as his sword; the dashing Sheridan, the equal of the ablest of Napoleon's marshals—all of them, except Chase, born and raised west of the Alleghanies; and the Minister of Finance came so early to the West that its influence is clearly marked in his character.

What is done here, then, in this great central city of the continent, this half-way house between the two oceans, is to influence, for good or evil, our whole country, from sea to sea. The responsibility of a vast future is upon us. We cannot escape it. “No personal significance or insignificance,” in the language of our great representative man, “can relieve us from it.” What we do, or leave undone, will tell over a vast area and upon an untold future for good or evil. Let us rise to the magnitude of our position and our duties. Let us make this hall the receptacle of all the treasures of the past; let us gather here all that there is in the way of man's past history, which may serve to aid, guide, and to

enlighten in the difficulties of the future. Within these walls the merchant, the artisan, the statesman may come, away from the noisy world outside, and commune with the great spirits of all ages. Here the poets, the moralists, the orators, the law-givers, the philosophers, and statesmen of all ages and nations, may be consulted as guides and advisers. Here, especially, let us provide that every student of American history may follow our nation from its feeblest beginnings, through Indian, colonial, revolutionary, and progressive annals, down to and through the recent great drama of civil war; and doing this, we shall ourselves do something worthy of being remembered.

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## NOTE.

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A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* having questioned the statement in the text that Mr. Lincoln ever served as a private in the Black-Hawk War, I annex the following letter from Capt. Elijah Iles:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *December 7, 1868.*

MR. I. N. ARNOLD—*Dear Sir:* I have yours, making the inquiry whether Mr. Lincoln was a member of my company in the Black-Hawk War, and the incidents of the campaign. In reply, I answer that he was a member of my company a portion of the time, before the close of the war, and received an honorable discharge. The incidents are about as follows: In the spring of 1832, Gov. Reynolds made a call for volunteers, which call was promptly answered. Mr. Lincoln was captain of one of the companies from Sangamon (as I am informed, but do not recollect). \* \* \* \* \* The term of Governor Reynolds' first call being about to expire, he made a second call—the first was then disbanded. We then raised several companies from the disbanded troops, to remain and protect the frontier, until the new levies could be brought to the field. I was elected captain of one of the companies, without opposition. I had, as members of my company, General James D. Henry (candidate for sheriff), John T. Stuart, Achilles Morris, and *A. Lincoln* (candidates for State legislature). Stuart and Morris were elected, and Lincoln badly beaten. At the next regular election, Lincoln was elected by an overwhelming majority. At that election we had seven representatives and two senators, who, being all tall men, were dubbed the "long nine." Mr. Lincoln did us good service in aiding to procure the State Capitol at Springfield. A number of hardy young men from Sangamon county, together with several officers from disbanded companies of other counties, were in my company. I was proud of the men, and had confidence that I had a company that could be relied upon. We were mustered into the service on the 29th day of May, 1832,



by *Robert Anderson*, Asst. Inspector General. Several of the companies were put on duty forthwith, to range so as to protect the frontier settlers. One of the captains, being more anxious than others to undertake a hazardous trip, was ordered to proceed to Dixon's Ferry, and report to Col. Z. Taylor (late *President Taylor*), who was stationed at Dixon's, with two companies of U. S. troops, and thence to Galena; but before the company got to Col. Taylor's station, Mr. Savre, the Indian agent, the mail carrier, and several others, were murdered, within twenty miles of Col. Taylor's quarters, and all communication cut off from Galena. On the arrival of the company at Dixon, Col. Taylor ordered the captain, who was a brave man, to proceed to Galena; but the men became frightened, and could not be controlled by their captain, and returned to headquarters at Ottawa, *helter-skelter*.

Up to this time, my company was held in camp as a reserve. Gen. Atkinson then called on me, and stated that he was exceedingly anxious to find out the whereabouts of the Indians, by the time the new levies would arrive; and wished to know how many in my company I could take, well mounted and well armed, and at what time I could be ready to march, on a trip to Dixon's Ferry, and to report to Col. Taylor for further orders. I said to the General that I could give him an answer within an hour. I then paraded my men, explained the matter, and found the men anxious for the trip; and within the hour I reported to the general that I had fifty men in my company, well mounted and well armed, and that we wanted one day to prepare for the trip. This was at night. The next day was a busy day with the boys—cleaning guns, running bullets, picking flints, etc., etc.; (we used the old flint lock at that day). Most of the company had doubled-barreled guns, and the U. S. officers furnished us with holster and belt pistols. We expected to have to fight our way from Dixon to Galena, and took no camp equipage or stores, other than a blanket, a tin cup, and a wallet of bread and bacon.

At Dixon, we found Col. Taylor entrenched on the north bank of the river. We encamped on the south bank for that night. I reported to him, and he said he wished me to proceed to Galena, and to call for my orders and rations, which would be prepared for us in the morning. Our rations consisted of bread, boiled ham, and bacon. My orders were, to proceed to Galena, collect and bury the remains of Savre and others who had been killed by the Indians, make a careful search for the signs of Indians, take the Gratiot road going and the Apple river road returning from Galena, find out, if possible, whether the Indians had crossed the road toward the Mississippi, below Galena, and to gain all possible information at Galena of the whereabouts of the Indians. (I know Col. Taylor thought it a perilous trip for my small command.) John Dixon and a U. S. lieutenant named Harris accompanied us from Dixon's Ferry.

The first evening after we left Dixon our scouts came in under whip and reported a large number of Indians coming directly toward us. It was just at sunset, while we were at lunch, and from our position we could see them

one and a half miles off. All eyes were turned to John Dixon, who, after they came over a hill into a valley out of sight, pronounced "Indians" (but they proved to be General Dodge's command of one hundred and fifty men on their way to find out what had become of General Atkinson and the troops under his command). I ordered the horses driven back to a valley out of sight, and paraded the company and stationed it in the bed of a dry ravine at the crossing of the road, which hid us from view until they could get within fifty yards of us. I then told General Henry to take command. His answer was, "*Stand to your post.*" He passed along the line talking to the men in a low, calm voice. Lieutenant Harris appeared much agitated; he ran up and down the line, but after seeing the effect of General Henry's talk to the men, whispered to me, "There is no danger, we can whip five hundred." Our arms were all re-primed, flints re-picked, and the holster pistols laid at our feet, when the advance of General Dodge's company, instead of Indians, got within fifty yards of us. Our men raised the yell and ran back to their lunch. One-third of the company was put on guard every night; the others slept on their arms, and were called up and drilled four or five times every night. The houses on our outward trip were vacated, and standing, but on our return were most all burned down. On our return to General Atkinson's headquarters, and on the arrival of the new troops, my company was mustered out by Lieutenant Robert Anderson. My company was again re-organized as a spy company, and Dr. Early elected Captain without opposition. *Mr. Lincoln remained with the company to the close of the war.* You ask for the incidents, and I have spun them out unreasonably.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

ELIJAH ILES.



# CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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At a meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, July 11, 1877, Hon. I. N. Arnold, the President of the Society, read the following sketch of the late

COL. JOHN H. KINZIE,

which he received from Mrs. Gordon, and which it is understood was written by the late Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, his wife:

Col. John H. Kinzie was born at Sandwich, U. C., on the 7th of July, 1803. It was not by design that his birthplace was in the British Dominions, for his mother was patriotic beyond most of her sex; but having crossed the river from Detroit, the place of her temporary sojourn, to pass the day with her sister, Mrs. William Forsyth, it so happened that before evening her eldest son drew his first breath on a foreign soil. While still an infant he was carried in an Indian cradle, on the shoulders of a French "engage," to their home, at what is now the town of Bartram, on the St. Joseph River, in Michigan. At one of their encampments, on the journey, he made a narrow escape with his life, owing to the carelessness of his bearer in placing him against a tree in the immediate proximity of a blazing fire. A spark escaping, lodged in the neck of his dress, causing a fearful burn, of which he carried the mark ever after.

His father having purchased the trading establishment of Mons. Le Mai, at the mouth of the Chicago River, removed with his family to the place on the following year. Some companies of infantry, under command of Maj. John Whistler, arrived at the same time—4th of July—and commenced the construction of Fort Dearborn.

At his home, on the banks of the river, nearly opposite the fort, the childhood of Mr. Kinzie was passed, until the breaking out of the war of 1812.

The frontier at that day afforded no facilities for education. What children contrived to scramble into must be acquired under the paternal roof. Mr. Kinzie loved to describe his delight upon one occasion, when on the opening of a chest of tea, among the stores brought by the annual schooner, a spelling-book was drawn forth and presented to him. His cousin, Robert Forsyth, at that

time a member of his father's family, undertook to teach him to read, and, although there seems to have been but little patience and forbearance on the part of the young pedagogue to sweeten the task of learning, the exercises gave to the pupil a pleasant association with the fragrance of green tea, which always kept that spelling-book fresh in his mind.

A discharged soldier was upon one occasion engaged to take charge of him, along with the officer's children, but the teacher's habits of drunkenness and irregularity caused the school to be discontinued in less than three months.

His best friend in these days was Washington Whistler, a son of the commanding officer, in after years a distinguished civil engineer in his own country, and in the service of the Emperor of Russia.

AT THE TIME OF THE MASSACRE, IN 1812,

Kinzie was nine years of age. He preserved a distinct recollection of all the particulars that came under his own observation. The discipline of these thrilling events doubtless helped to form in him that fearlessness as well as that self-control which characterized his manly years. The circumstances of the massacre are familiar to all. When the troops left the garrison, some friendly chiefs, knowing what was in contemplation by their young men, who would not be restrained, took possession of the boat in which was Mrs. Kinzie and her children, and guarded them safely till the fighting was over. They were the next day escorted by the Chief "Robinson," and other friends, in their boat, to the St. Joseph River, to the home of Mme. Bertrand, a sister of the famous Chief To-pee-nee-bee-haw, whence, after a short sojourn, they were carried to Detroit, and delivered as prisoners of war to the British commanding officer, Col. McKee. The family, after the father rejoined them in the following winter, were established in the old family mansion, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street, Detroit.

One of the saddest features of the ensuing winter was the spectacle of the suffering of the American prisoners, who were from time to time brought into headquarters by their Indian captors. The tenderness of feeling, which was a distinguishing trait in the subject of this sketch, made him ever foremost in his efforts to bargain with the savages for the ransom of the sufferers, and many were thus rescued, and nursed, and cared for—sometimes to the salvation of their lives, though too often to merely a mitigation of the tortures they had undergone. Mr. Kinzie, Sr., had been paroled by Gen. Proctor, but upon a suspicion that he was in correspondence with Gen. Harrison, who was known to be meditat-



ing an attempt to recover the city of Detroit, he was seized and sent a prisoner to Canada, leaving his wife and young family to be cared for as they might, until, after the lapse of some months, the capture of the place by Gen. Harrison secured them a fast friend in that noble and excellent man.

The father was at length released and restored to his family, with one solitary shilling in his pocket. That little coin has always been carefully preserved by his descendants, as a memento of those troublous times. It so happened that in Detroit, as upon more remote frontiers, the advantages of education were extremely limited. The war had disarranged everything. During the four years' sojourn of the family in this place the children had occasional opportunities of beginning at a school which promised well, but which, as a general rule, was discontinued at the end of the first quarter. Amid such unpropitious circumstances were the rising generation at that day obliged to acquire what degree of learning they found it possible to attain.

In 1816, the Kinzie family

RETURNED TO THEIR DESOLATED HOME IN CHICAGO.

The bones of the murdered soldiers, who had fallen four years before, were still lying unburied where they had fallen. The troops who rebuilt the fort collected and interred these remains. The coffins which contained them were deposited near the bank of the river, which then had its outlet about at the foot of Madison street. The cutting through the sand-bar for the harbor caused the lake to encroach and wash away the earth, exposing the long range of coffins and their contents, which were afterwards cared for and reinterred by the civil authorities.

In the year 1818, when he was in his sixteenth year, Col. Kinzie was taken by his father to Mackinaw, to be indentured to the "American Fur Company," and placed under the care of Ramsey Crooks, Esq., "to learn," as the articles express it, "the art and mystery of merchandising in all its various parts and branches."

This engagement was for five years, during which time he was never off the island, except upon one occasion, when he was taken by Mr. Robert Stewart, who succeeded Mr. Crooks at the head of the company, to visit the British officers at Drummond Island. He was never during this period at an evening entertainment, never saw "a show," except one representation by an indifferent company, who had strayed up the lakes, of some pantomimes and tricks of sleight of hand.

His days were passed, from 5 o'clock in the morning till tea-time, in the warehouse or in superintending the numerous engages, making up outfits for the Indian trade, or receiving the packs and commodities which arrived from time to time.

In the evening, he read aloud to his kind and excellent friend, Mrs. Stewart, who was unwearied in her efforts to supply the deficiencies which his unsettled and eventful life had made inevitable. To her explanations and judicious criticisms upon the books he read, and her patience in imparting knowledge from her own well-stored mind, he was indebted for the ambition which surmounted early disadvantages, and made him the equal of many whose youthful years have been trained in schools.

MR. STEWART WAS A SEVERE DISCIPLINARIAN.

He believed that the surest way to make of a clerk a systematic and methodical man of business was never to overlook the slightest departure from the prescribed routine of duty. Upon one occasion, young Kinzie, out of patience with the slow-dragging movements of a party of his employes, who were engaged in hauling wood in sledges across the straits from Bois Blank Island, took the reins from the hands of one, and drove across and returned with his load, to show the men how much more they could have accomplished if they had made the effort. Mr. Stewart's commendation was, "Ah, you have changed your occupation for that of hauling wood, have you! Very well, you can continue it;" and, as the young man was too proud to ask to be relieved, he actually drove the sledge and brought wood through the bitter winter till the ice gave way in May.

His chief recreations throughout this period were trapping silver-gray foxes during any chance leisure hour in the winter, and learning to play on the violin, his instructress being a half-breed woman. In 1824, being still in the employ of the Fur Company, he was transferred from Mackinac to Prairie du Chien. He had made a visit to his parents on attaining his majority, and had returned to Mackinac in a small boat, coasting the western shore of Lake Michigan. He was the first white man who set foot on shore at Wau-kee-gan—at least since the days of the explorers.

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While at Prairie du Chien, Mr. Kinzie learned the Winnebago language, and compiled a grammar, as far as such a task was



practicable. The Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa dialects, he had been familiar with from his childhood. He also learned the Sioux language, and, partially, that of the Sauks and Foxes.

About this time, Col. Kinzie received

AN INVITATION FROM GEN. CASS,

then Governor of the Territory of Michigan, to become his private secretary, and in 1826, he escorted a deputation of Winnebagoes to Washington to visit their Great Father, the President. He was at the Treaty of "Butte des Morts" in the summer of 1827, and accompanied the Commissioner, Col. McKenny, to the Portage of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, to be present at the surrender of the "Red-Bird," a Winnebago chief, who, with his comrades, had been concerned in the murder of the Gaznier family at Prairie du Chien. Mr. Kinzie took a different view of the actual complicity of Red-Bird from what has been given to the public. His journal, kept at the time, is of great interest. He was called from his station, beside the military officer appointed to receive the prisoners, by Kau-ray-man-nee, the principal Chief of the nation, to stand beside him, and listen to what was said on both sides at this interview, and tell him whether his speech to the "Big Knives" and their reply to him were rightly interpreted.

During the time of his residence with Gen. Cass, who was by virtue of his appointment, also Superintendent of the Northern Division of the Indian Tribes, he was sent to the vicinity of Sandusky, to learn the language of the Wyandots, or Hurons, their manners and customs, legends, traditions, etc. Of this language he also compiled a grammar. The large amount of Indian lore which he collected in these various researches, were, of course, placed in the hands of his chief, Gen. Cass; and it is greatly to be regretted that, as far as can be ascertained, not a trace of it now remains extant.

MR. KINZIE RECEIVED THE APPOINTMENT OF AGENT

for the upper bands of the Winnebagoes in 1829, and fixed his residence at the portage, where Fort Winnebago was in that year constructed. In 1830, he married, and continued to reside among his red children—to whom he was, and is still proclaimed by the oppressed few who remain, a kind, judicious, and watchful "father." In 1833, the Kinzie family having established their pre-emption to the quarter section upon which the family mansion had stood since 1804, Col. Kinzie (such was then his title as aid to the Commander-in-Chief, Gov. Cass,) came with his brother-in-law, Gen. Hunter, to Chicago, and together they laid out that part of the town since known as Kinzie's Addition.

In 1834, he brought his family to Chicago to reside. He was the first President of the village, when a prediction of the present opulence and prosperity of the city would have seemed the wildest chimera.

He was appointed Collector of Tolls on the canal immediately on its completion.

In 1841, he was made Registrar of Public Lands by Gen. Harrison, but was removed by Tyler, when he laid aside the mask under which he gained the nomination for Vice-President.

In 1849, Gen. Taylor conferred upon him the appointment of Receiver of Public Moneys and Depositary.

His office of Collector he held until commissioned by President Lincoln as

#### PAYMASTER IN THE ARMY IN 1861.

The latter appointment he held until the close of the War. His labors were vast and wearying, for he had the supervision of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois; yet he was too conscientious, in the state of the public finances, to apply for more aid. During the four years he discharged this large amount of duty with the assistance of but a solitary clerk. It was too much for him; his health gave way. When a tardy leave of absence arrived, he set out with his family upon a journey, in hopes that mountain air or sea-bathing would recruit his exhausted forces. But he was destined to reach hardly the first stage of his journey. While riding in the cars approaching Pittsburgh, and conversing with his ordinary cheerfulness, he remarked a blind man approaching, and, perceiving that he was asking alms, he characteristically put his hand in his pocket. In the act, his head drooped gently, and with a peaceful sigh, his spirit departed to its rest.

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#### NOTE FROM NELLY KINZIE GORDON.

Since the foregoing sketch was read, I have received a note from Mrs. Nelly Kinzie Gordon, daughter of John H. Kinzie, saying: "It (the sketch) was written by my mother, as you suppose. I note Mr. Hinkling's remarks as to Grandfather Kinzie's Indian name. The name was '*Shaw-nee-au-kee*,' which means '*The Silver Man*;' a name given to him, I have frequently heard father say, because *he paid the Indians in silver*. \* \* \*

I have the dictionary and grammar of the Winnebago language written by my father. If the Society would value it, I will send it to you. I value it, and shall always preserve it; but if it will be kept, and placed as a relic of old times, by the Historical Society, I will turn it over to them. Chicago has a right to all those old mementoes, and your Society will be the proper deposit for them."



Mr. Arnold adds the following notes:

### JOHNSON *vs.* JONES.

On the 23rd of March, 1860, the trial of the case of W. S. Johnson *vs.* William Jones, began in the U. S. Circuit Court, before the Hon. Thomas Drummond. The trial involved the title to a large tract of land, lying north of the North Pier of the harbor of Chicago, being the *accretion* caused by the running of the piers into Lake Michigan. It became important to establish the exact location of the Lake shore, at the time when Kinzie's Addition to Chicago was laid out, platted, and recorded in February, 1833. Many of the early settlers of Chicago were examined as witnesses, and the volume of printed evidence will throw considerable light upon the early history of Chicago.

Among the persons whose testimony was taken were John A. Kinzie, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Geo. W. Snow, John Calhoun, Asa F. Bradley, Morgan Shepley, E. B. Talcott, Col. William Gamble, Geo. W. Dole, Gen. J. D. Webster, William Lill, Thomas Church, Walter Kimball, and others.

The counsel for the plaintiff were B. S. Morris and Isaac N. Arnold, assisted by John A. Wills. For the defendant—*Abraham Lincoln*, J. Young Scammon, Samuel W. Fuller, Van H. Higgins, and John Van Arman.

This was the last case tried by Mr. Lincoln, before his nomination for the Presidency in June, 1860.

*John H. Kinzie* was examined as a witness. To the question of Mr. Arnold, "How long have you resided in Chicago?" Mr. Lincoln interposed, saying, "I believe he is common law here; as one who dates back to the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Kinzie, in answer, said: "I was brought here about fifty-six years ago, and I spent the early part of my life here up to 1812. I was away four years, and returned in 1816. I went away, and returned again in 1824. Went away that year, and returned in 1833, and have lived here ever since. My father's house stood near a great cottonwood tree, near the corner of Pine and North Water streets. That tree was cut down when John Wentworth was Mayor. I planted that tree in 1811. [See John Kinzie's testimony in pages 27, 28, etc.] The Chicago river bent and ran south from our house. After running south as far as Madison street, it emptied into Lake Michigan, opposite the end of of Madison street. There was a piazza running the whole front of our house, looking south. Sitting there on this piazza, we could see the Indian canoes going down and into the Lake, opposite where Madison street now is."

### THE KINZIE HOUSE.

The residence of John Kinzie, the father of Col. John H. Kinzie, was situated near the junction of Pine and North Water Sts. It was a picturesque cottage of wood, a fine sketch of which faces the title-page of the second edition of "WAU-BUN," a very graphic and extremely interesting pen-picture of the early days in the North-west, written by the late Mrs. John H. Kinzie.

In the early days, before Chicago existed as a town or city, and while it was a mere military and Indian trading-post, the grounds about the old Kinzie House, sloping gently toward the bank of the river, were covered with grass, and the broad piazza, looking South, was pleasantly shaded by four Lombardy poplar trees; and in the rear was a large cottonwood tree, planted by John H. Kinzie, in 1811, and which remained standing until some time during the first Mayoralty of John Wentworth, when the growth of the city required, or was supposed to require, that it should be cut down.

Nearly opposite, across the river, stood Fort Dearborn, with its neat, well-whitewashed pickets of logs set in the ground; its barracks and offi-



cers' quarters built of hewn logs; its green parade, shaded in part by some fine, well-grown locust trees; and here, for many years, from the tall flag-staff, floated the national colors. This old fort, with its picturesque surroundings, the then clear waters of the Chicago River, a grove of scattered trees to the North, made up a scene which would contrast very strikingly with the great city which has arisen.

Mr. John H. Kinzie often recalled the beauty of the scene when the Indian canoe and the Mackinaw boat alone disturbed the waters of the Lake and River. I have heard him speak of the Kinzie family's being aroused, one bright morning in June, in perhaps the year 1832, by hearing from up the River the chorus of Moore's beautiful Canadian boat song, sung by a dozen voyageurs, and going to the piazza, he saw Gen. Lewis Cass and party coming rapidly down the stream in his Mackinaw boat. The landscape was then rural and lovely, Chicago a little hamlet, far away from civilization; and yet Col. Kinzie lived to see this hamlet changed to the home of nearly half a million of people.

### ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

John H. Kinzie and Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, with Gurdon S. Hubbard, may be considered, more than any others, the founders of St. James' Church. Others aided and contributed, but the Kinzie family took the lead. The parish was organized in 1834, and on the 12th of October, 1834, Rev. Isaac W. Hallam arrived in Chicago, and took charge of the parish.

The first regular services were held in a room in a wooden building standing on the corner of Wolcott (now N. State) and Kinzie Streets, fitted up by Mr. Kinzie and others as a place of worship, and which afterwards, being used in the Presidential campaign of 1840, as a place for political meetings, was named "Tippecanoe Hall."

In 1835 or 1836, John H. Kinzie donated two lots on the south-east corner of Cass and Illinois Streets, as a site for the Church edifice, and in 1836-1837, a brick church was erected thereon. On the 26th of March, 1837, the body of the church was first occupied for public service. The entire cost of the church, exclusive of the organ, was \$14,000. On the Monday following the first service, most of the seats and pews were sold at auction, and brought the sum of \$13,862, which, with subscriptions and the proceeds of a fair, paid the cost of the church, and left a balance of \$4,000, which was used towards the erection of a rectory. [*Most of the above facts I gather from a letter of the Rev. Isaac W. Hallam.*]

At the home of John H. Kinzie (standing on the n.e. cor. of Cass and Michigan Streets), the Bishops and clergy of the Diocese of Illinois were always welcome. The Venerable Bishop Chase always found there a home and a genial welcome. Indeed, the hospitality of the Kinzie family was proverbial all over the North-West. In the reminiscences of Bishop Chase, published in two volumes, by James B. Dow, Boston, 1848, this family is spoken of. In a letter on p. 389, dated Monday, July 26, 1837, the good old Bishop says: "The consecration of *St. James' Church*, Chicago, took place yesterday, at half-past ten. The church was filled to overflowing, even before the Bishop met the wardens and vestry at the door. The Rev. Mr. Hallam read the morning prayers, and myself the anti-communion and sermon. Text: 'The Lord is in this place. This is none other than the House of God, and this the gate of heaven.' The whole number of communicants is now about thirty. 'I went to the Kinzies. Mrs. Magill, and all the young, and Mrs. K. were most attentive to my every want, etc.'"

Indeed, such was the prominence and activity of Mrs. John H. Kinzie, in the early days of the *Protestant Episcopal Church of Illinois*, that she was sometimes called "*The Female Bishop of Illinois.*"

# CALDWELL AND SHABONEE.

By WILLIAM HICKLING.

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The following document\* was presented to the Chicago Historical Society, July 17, 1877, by William Hickling, Esq., and at the time of the presentation, a request was made that he furnish a biographical sketch of the two persons, whose names appear, "Billy Caldwell and Chamblee."

"This is to certify, that the bearer of this name, Chamblee, was a faithful companion to me during the late war with the United States. The bearer joined the late celebrated warrior, Tecumthe, of the Shawnee Nation, in the year 1807, on the Wabash River, and remained with the above warrior from the commencement of the hostilities with the United States, until our defeat at Moravian Town, on the Thames, October 5, 1813. I also have been witness to his intrepidity and courageous warrior [conduct] on many occasions, and he showed a great deal of humanity to those unfortunate sons of Mars who fell into his hands.

AMHURSTBURG, *August 1, 1816.*

B. CALDWELL, CAPTAIN I. D."

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## BILLY CALDWELL.

The annexed paper has reference to two parties, both of whom were well known to the early settlers of this section, "Natives to the manor born," and both figured conspicuously as active partisans in the stirring events which agitated the whole Western frontier, in the early part of the present century.

Billy Caldwell, the writer of the document, was born in Canada, about the year 1780. His father was an Irish officer in the British military service, and his mother a Pottawattomie, not a Shawnee, as stated by the Hon. John Wentworth, in his first lecture on "Early Chicago," delivered at McCormick's Hall, April 11, 1875, in which interesting lecture, Mr. Wentworth

\*This document was legibly written on a half sheet of cap paper, bearing the watermark: "C & S 1813."



alluded to the parentage of Caldwell, stating that his (Caldwell) mother was a sister of the celebrated Shawnee Chief Tecumseh. This error I am pleased to see, Mr. W. has corrected in the second lecture.

Caldwell, in his youth, received from the Jesuit fathers at Detroit a good education. He spoke with fluency, and wrote with facility, both the English and French languages, and was also master of several Indian dialects. Nature was also lavish in her gifts to him, not only in mental capacity, but in a fine physique, a strong, sinewy frame, straight as an arrow, and in early manhood his appearance was so commanding when engaged in strife with his foes, that his fellow Indian braves gave him the title of the "Straight Tree." The Indian name, however, by which he was generally known, was "The Sauganash," or "The Britisher," but this name of "Sauganash" was generally given to all Englishmen by the Indian tribes formerly resident of this section, when speaking of them individually. From about the year 1807, up to the time of Tecumseh's death, at the battle of what Caldwell calls "The Moravian Towns," known to us as the "Battle of the Thames," fought on October 5, 1813, Caldwell was so intimately acquainted and connected with Tecumseh, that he was often called the private secretary of that great Chieftian who, speaking but little of the English language, and Caldwell, as before remarked, being a good English scholar, no doubt often brought the "Sauganash" and Tecumseh in council together with the British officials, both military and civil, to arrange plans of co-operation between the British forces, and their Indian allies, and in furthering the gigantic plans of Tecumseh, to consolidate all the Indian tribes of the West and Southwest, into one grand hostile confederacy against the United States. The part which Caldwell necessarily took in these affairs may have entitled him to the appellation of "Secretary."

But little is known of Caldwell's individual history as a warrior, or of his connection with the hostile tribes, who, after the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, in 1812, made their savage forays upon the forts and frontier settlements of the West. When questioned about his participation in some of these affairs, he was unusually reticent; but we have unquestioned authority to state, that he, with Tecumseh and Shabonee used all their influence, and did all that lay in their power to mitigate the horrors of savage warfare, in restraining the fury and ferocity of the Indians toward the unfortunate captives who fell into their hands. One notable instance of this character, in which Caldwell and Shabonee exerted their great influence and authority over their savage allies, was seen in the events



following the massacre of part of the garrison of Fort Dearborn. The authoress of "Wau-Bun," and other good authority, tell us of the danger still hanging over the heads of the few soldiers and civilians spared from the first burst of savage fury, many of whom undoubtedly would have been subsequently murdered, had it not been for the timely presence on the scene, and protecting care of the "Sauganash" and Shabonee, neither of whom were present at the evacuation of the Fort, and the assault of the Indians on the retiring soldiers, at or near the foot of Eighteenth street.

It will be seen by the annexed paper, that although a treaty of peace had been made between the Pottawattomies, and Ottawas, with the United States, some time previous to its date; yet Caldwell still, in 1816, attaches to his signature the military title he held from the British Government, viz.: "Captain Indian Department." How much longer he held this British military title is not known on this side of the border; but for years after the making of this treaty, it was well known that numbers of our Indians, then supposed to be on strict terms of alliance and amity with the United States, did visit their old friends and former allies, at Fort Malden (Amherstburg). The result of such visits was seen in the supply of blue cloth, Mackinaw blankets, and other articles dear to the Indian, acquired by them as presents or received in trade or barter. It is probable that Caldwell fixed his residence in Chicago about the year 1820. In 1826, the records show that he held a commission as a Justice of the Peace in Chicago. The judicial duties of his office in that early day must have been light, no "Docket" or record of proceedings in his court have been preserved for the inspection of the curious of the present generation. In the year 1828, the Indian Department, in consideration of services rendered, built for Caldwell, probably the first "frame" house ever erected in the Northwest. The timbers for the frame were readily furnished from trees, then abundant, not far from the spot on which the house stood, viz.: near the junction of North State street and Chicago avenue.

I believe the old college of St. Mary's of the Lake, destroyed by the great fire of October, 1871, stood on the same ground that the unpretending frame shanty once occupied. The clap-boards, nails, sash, etc., and also the brick used in the construction of the chimney, were all brought from Cleveland, Ohio. This former landmark of ancient Chicago was occupied by the "Sauganash" until his departure from Chicago, *en route* westward, with his tribe in 1836..

Afterwards, this house, relic of the olden times, was removed by Col. G. S. Hubbard, to a lot on Indiana street.\* In the great fire

\* Lot 2, Block 15, Kinzie's Addition.

that swept over Chicago in Oct., 1871, this old landmark of the "North Side" disappeared from view. One other relic of old Chicago on the "South Side," still older than the Caldwell house, viz.: A part of the officer's quarters of Fort Dearborn, located nearly opposite to the Rush street bridge, was also destroyed by the same fire.

Caldwell, I believe, had but one wife, a sister of the Pottawattomie Chief "Yellow Head." Polygamy, so often practised by the Indians, was not favored by him, in this respect, imitating his former friend and leader, Tecumseh, he thought that one squaw was enough for all practical purposes of every-day life. I believe an only son, who died in his youth, was the only issue of the marriage. Mrs. Caldwell emigrated with her husband to the new reservation in Western Missouri, in 1836. Caldwell held in high regard, and often spoke of the military genius and other qualifications of Tecumseh, looking upon him as the greatest warrior chief of his time. Caldwell, like his leader Tecumseh, during the last year of their military career, while operating in connection with the British on our frontier, and in Canada, lost all confidence in the ability of Gen. Proctor, the British commander. It is well known that Tecumseh was bitterly opposed to the evacuation of Fort Malden, and subsequently, when the British commander halted in his retreat, and formed his lines for a combat at the Moravian Towns, it was because Gen. Tecumseh informed him that he, and his Indians, thought the army had retreated far enough, and were not going any further without first having a fight. Tecumseh was summoned to the British headquarters to discuss the plan of battle. We have the authority of Caldwell to say that Tecumseh and Gen. Proctor had a violent quarrel over the plans laid out by the latter for the conflict. That Tecumseh left the British headquarters in disgust, after only a short interview, and returned to the old position occupied by him an hour or so previous, and then sending Caldwell to see Gen. Proctor, and urge upon him the necessity of changing his plan of battle. Soon after the departure of Caldwell from his Indian allies, the battle commenced with great fury. The death of Tecumseh, and route of the British and Indian forces are well known in history. Caldwell was not able to again join his Indian friends, until after the battle was over. He always expressed himself as well satisfied, that had Gen. Tecumseh, instead of Gen. Proctor, held command over both armies (British and Indians) that the result of the campaign, and especially its fatal finale at the "Thames," would have been different. Shabonee, Tecumseh, Caldwell, and Black Hawk were in council together, sitting on a log, or fallen tree, smoking their pipes, and talk-



ing over the events of the times, when the messenger from Gen. Proctor arrived, summoning Tecumseh to his headquarters.

By the 4th article of the treaty made with the United Nations of Chippewas, Pottawattomies, and Ottawas, by the United States, Jan. 2, 1830, in part consideration for the surrender to the United States by their tribes, of their lands in this section of the Northwest, certain reservations or grants were made to many of the influential half-breeds and Indians. To Caldwell was assigned two sections or 1240 acres. This reservation he located on the north branch of the Chicago River, some six miles above its junction with the main river. At the time of its location, the greater part of the tract contained a fine body of timber. This now very valuable tract of land Caldwell sold at an early day, realizing but little from its sale.

"Inevitable Destiny," and treaties entered into prior to 1835, made it necessary for the Government Agent, Major Sibley, to notify the Indians of this section, parties to said treaties, that the time for their removal from their old homes and hunting grounds had arrived, and that they must meet him at Chicago in the summer of 1835; there receive "their payments," or annuities, and then depart under his guidance to the new home assigned them, a little nearer to the "setting sun." Out of some 5000 Indians, comprising Pottawattomies, Ottawas, Chippewas, etc., Major Sibley collected about *one-half* the number, and during the summer and fall, located them safely on the lands assigned them, near the Council Bluffs in Western Missouri.

The following year, 1836, Captain J. B. F. Russell, the Government agent, notified the bands yet left in and around their old homes, that the time had come for them to leave those hallowed spots of earth, and under his guidance, they must take up the line of march, to join their brethren who had left the year previous. Many of these poor Indians were loth to leave their old homes, and the task of Captain Russell in gathering the balance of the tribes together, and effecting their peaceful removal, would not have been accomplished in the easy manner in which it was done, had not "The Sauganash" informed his red brethren, that his intention was formed to go with his tribe, and share with them the trials and privations incident upon their removal to a new home.

As before remarked, the great influence of Caldwell over his red brethren made the removal of nearly 2500 of them a success. Under the leadership of Caldwell and Captain Russell, the greater part of this number assembled in Chicago. From thence

\* See "The Last of the Illinois and a Sketch of the Pottawattomies." By Judge J. Dean Caton. Pages 26—30.



commenced their weary march Westward. Different bands joined the long cavalcade at various points along the route. Quite a number went by steamer from St. Louis to the Council Bluffs. Our old friend, Billy Caldwell, never returned to his old home in Illinois, but remained with his tribe, sharing their fortunes and misfortunes, and by his influence, and good sense, guiding their councils and actions, so that up to the time of his death, which Shabonee told me occurred in 1847, or 1848, near the Wish-ne-bott-o-nee River, the Indians lived in comparative peace with their numerous red neighbors, occupants of adjoining reservations. When Caldwell left Illinois in 1836, he must have been some 55 to 58 years of age, and was still vigorous and active, and his six feet stature was "as straight as an arrow." One cannot help moralizing over the doctrine of "manifest destiny" when applied to the case of our aborigines. It is in place here to notice its operations in respect to the 5000 souls, removed in 1835 and 1836, from this section to Western Missouri, afterwards removed to Kansas, then again to the new Indian Territory. From a report made in 1876, by the Indian Department, in relation to the various Indian tribes, then inhabiting said Territory, it appears that in only 40 or 41 years, our Indian Policy, the fostering care of our Government agents, contamination with bad white men, and bad whisky, had reduced the number of the tribes, as before stated, 5000 in number, when they left Illinois, to the small number of 1300 souls in 1876.

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### SHABONEE.

Shabonee, so often referred to in the preceding memoirs, was called "Chamblee" by the French, and this orthography of his name is used by Billy Caldwell in his certificate of character and good qualities, given to him at Amherstburg in 1816. In early times, his name was frequently written "Chab-o-neh." Our friend G. S. Hubbard, Esq., and also the late John H. Kinzie, very good authority, frequently used the letter "C" in the spelling of his name, instead of that of "S," subsequently, and now by general consent used.

The old document of the year 1816, which is now presented to the Society, I became the possessor of in the summer of 1858. The old Chief, in one of his frequent visits to my home in Ottawa, told me he had a paper written by "The Sauganash" many years before, and that he would now give it to me, stating at the same time, that no other white man on "this side of the border" had ever seen it. This assertion, I concluded, after inquiring, to be correct; for when I subsequently showed it to several of our old

citizens, including the late George E. Walker, and Col. G. S. Hubbard, both of whom I well knew were most intimate friends of the old man, I found to my surprise, that not one of them had ever before seen the document. Why the poor old Indian kept for so many years the paper as a secret from his most intimate white friends, I cannot tell. At the time he surrendered the paper to me, he took it from a piece of dressed buckskin, which was folded several times around it. The package he told me he had carried for so many years about his person, and the "sweaty" appearance of the document verifies the assertion.

So many notices and memoirs of Shabonee have already been published that I hardly think it necessary here for me to go into the details or history of his long life. I shall merely allude to some incidents thereof, which have not been recorded, and to some others erroneously stated. The father of Shabonee belonged to the Ottawa tribe, a portion of whom, at the time of Pontiac's great conspiracy against the United States, inhabited a portion of that section of country lying south of Lake Superior, now included in Northern Michigan. He was one of that numerous band of Ottawas who fought with the great Ottawa Chieftian throughout his wars, and upon his defeat returned with him to the Illinois country in the year 1764. Shabonee told me he was born near the Maumee River in Ohio, about the year 1775. Some published accounts say that his birthplace was "in Ohio," "on the Ohio River," "on the Kankakee," etc. In early manhood he married the daughter of a Pottawattomie Chief, whose village was on the Illinois River bottom, a few miles above the present city of Ottawa in this State. He lived at this village a few years, but finding its locality to be insalubrious, moved with his family, or band, to what is now known as Shabonee Grove, a most beautiful "Prairie Island," situated in the southern part of DeKalb County, some twenty-five miles north of the city of Ottawa before mentioned. Here he and his band had their village and council-house, and resided there until the fall of 1837, at which time they numbered, all told, some 130 souls. His own family included *two wives*, children, grand-children, and nephews, etc., amounting to some twenty-five of the number. Shabonee's first acquaintance with Tecumseh commenced about the year 1807. It is probable that he knew "the Sauganash" at an earlier date. In 1810, when the great Shawnee Chief, accompanied by Caldwell, and two others visited the Pottawattomie villages in the Illinois country, for the purpose of inducing them to join in his great consolidated scheme of hostility against the white men, in order to check their further encroachments upon Indian territory, he induced Shabonee to accompany the party on their mission, and together they visited



the scattered tribes in the valleys of the Illinois, Fox, and Rock Rivers, thence *via* Green Bay and Wisconsin River, as far northwest as LaCrosse, and thence south as far as Rock Island. At this point, Shabonee left his companions and returned home to his Grove. During this trip, many of the villages of the Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagoes, Menominees, etc., were visited. It is hardly necessary for me to state that Shabonee held in the highest estimation the genius and military qualities of his great leader Tecumseh, attaching himself and his followers to his service, and sharing with him the fortunes of war, which at the end of his career, so fatally culminated at the battle of the Thames. Shabonee, in this, his last fight with the "pale faces," was in the hottest of the combat; fighting heroically by the side of his leader, when the fatal bullet in its mission, destroyed forever all the hopes and expectations of him who has justly been called the "Napoleon of the red skins."

Shabonee, like his friend Caldwell, now having lost all faith in the power and promises of their British allies, never again associated with them in any military capacity, but a short time afterwards visited Gen. Cass, at Detroit, and to him, gave in their submission to the authority of the United States. I will not venture here to discuss the vexed question of "who killed Tecumseh," but will state that Shabonee, whom we must remember, was fighting by the side of his leader, has given different versions of that affair, all tending however, more or less, to the belief, that Col. Richard M. Johnson was the man; but upon an examination and comparison of the different statements made by the old Chief, I have come to the conclusion that his ideas and memories of the battle, particularly in relation to the killing of Tecumseh, "are much mixed," and not of a character sufficiently accurate to be placed on record as correct history.

Some years afterwards, when on a visit to Washington City, at the time the gallant Col. Johnson filled the high office of Vice-President of the United States, it is said that in an interview at that time between Col. Johnson and Shabonee, they freely talked over the incidents and events of the campaign, and the final battle which ended so gloriously in favor of the heroes of Gen. Harrison's army. The next and last attempt made to embroil the Pottawatomies and Ottawas in a war with the "pale faces," was that made by Black Hawk and the Prophet, in 1832. These two chiefs representing the Sauk and Fox nations, met the Pottawatomies and Ottawas in council at Indiantown, in February of that year, and eloquently pointed out to the large number of Indians assembled there, the necessity of co-operation, in order to save their nations from the further encroachments of the white

men upon their hunting grounds, for at the time emigration was fast spreading over the rich prairies of Northern Illinois and Eastern Iowa. In that large assemblage the voice of but one Pottawattomie Chief was raised in favor of war and union with Black Hawk, and that was given by old Wau-pan-seh. In that council, Shabonee, in answer to that fervent appeal of Black Hawk for union, and his figurative assertion that such an union would give them an army of warriors equal in number to the trees of the forest, replied: "Yes, and the army of the pale faces you will have to encounter will be as numerous as the leaves on those trees." At the period of this conference, probably no other chief, excepting Caldwell, possessed greater influence with the tribes assembled than did Shabonee, and these two leaders so well knew the power and military resources of the white race, and how futile it would be to engage in another war with them. The mission of Black Hawk and his prophet companion proved a failure, but one chief, and a few of the young warriors, lifted up their voices for war. The warlike feelings of those few were appeased by the powerful influence of the "Sauganash," Shabonee, Robinson, and others.

Subsequently, when Black Hawk and his band crossed over to the east side of the Mississippi, and just before the commencement of his foray on the white settlements, he made one more attempt to secure an union with the Pottawattomies, and sent his runners or emissaries to visit Shabonee, who, at this time, with his band, were encamped and on a hunting expedition in the Bureau Timber. Shabonee here again rejected all offers of alliance made by Black Hawk. Seeing that hostilities must soon commence, Shabonee broke up his hunting camp, and returned home to his Grove. Shortly afterwards, the defeat of Major Stillman's forces followed, and opened a clear path for the hostile Indians to make a foray upon the settlements. This Shabonee foresaw; and here the goodness of his heart, his humanity, and desire to avert the horrors of savage warfare, are shown in the arduous and disinterested efforts made by him in behalf of the few white settlers so soon to be exposed to savage fury. Immediately he sent his son and nephew to notify the scattered settlers on the Fox River, and at Holderman's Grove, of their great danger, urging them in all haste to leave their homes, and seek the sheltering walls of the fort at Ottawa. The old chief himself, undertook the task on his mission of mercy, to warn the settlers of Bureau and Indian Creek of their great danger. His appearance on that 16th day of May, riding at full speed, bareheaded, his pony heated and jaded by the long ride through the scattered settlements, has been well described by other writers. Nearly all



the persons interested followed Shabonee's advice, and fled in haste to Ottawa, leaving their homes but a few hours in advance of the entry of the hostile Sauk. A few persons, however, in the Indian Creek settlement, took no heed of Shabonee's warning, and paid in a few hours afterwards the penalty of their rashness, by all their party, excepting four persons, being massacred in the one log house in which they had sought refuge, and which they so heroically defended. During the heat of the fight, two young men of the party, escaped from the house, and reached the fort at Ottawa in safety. The capture, long journey, and captivity in Western Iowa, of the two young daughters of Mr. Hall, one of the party murdered, their subsequent safe restoration to their friends, forms a romantic story of frontier life, well known to readers of Western history.

The same treaty which gave to Caldwell, Robinson, and others of our Indians and half-breeds, their reservations of land, also gave two sections to Shabonee. This he desired to be so located that it would include his old home and council-house in the grove before mentioned. By direction of Major Langham, then Surveyor-General of Illinois and Missouri, a survey and plat of the reservation was made by a Deputy Surveyor, and Shabonee fondly hoped that the house which he and his family had occupied for so many years was secured to him and them forever. I believe that in all the other reservations of land granted by the aforementioned treaty, that all the parties thereto, having such reservations, enjoyed them in fee, and only required the consent of, and signature of the President of the United States, in order to pass a good title to parties purchasing such reserved lands. Why Shabonee's case should differ from all the rest I could never determine. At any rate, when the survey of the public lands, lying north of the old Indian boundary line, was ordered by the Land Department to be made, the Deputy Surveyor had instructions to ignore the previous survey of the reservations, and include the lands thereon contained in the regular section lines of the United States survey, and during the absence of poor old Shabonee and his family in Kansas, these lands were sold by public sale at Dixon. The home of the old Chief and his family passed into other hands, strangers to him, and in answer to an appeal made at Washington in Shabonee's behalf, the Commissioner of the General Land Department, in answer, said that Shabonee *had forfeited and lost his title to the lands by removing away from them.*

In 1837, Shabonee was notified by the Indian Agent, that by the terms of the late treaty, all members of his band, with the exception of those of his own family, must remove to their new

reservations in Western Missouri. The parting with so many of those with whom he so long had been associated, he could not endure, so he resolved with all his family, to accompany them to their new homes. In the fall of the year, the whole tribe, some 130 in number, reached the reservation in safety; but no sooner had Shabonee and his family reached their lodges in their new homes than new troubles began. The Sauks and Foxes, unfortunately, had their new reservations in close proximity to that of the Pottawattomies and Ottawas. The well-known hostility, a few years previous, of Shabonee to Black Hawk, and the part which the Ottawas took against him and his followers, in the war which followed, were still fresh in the mind of the individual Sauk leader, and made enemies of two noted braves who, at an earlier period of their career, had for so many years been fighting side by side, under the eye of their leader Tecumseh. The warfare against Shabonee and his family resulted in the murder of his eldest son and a nephew, who were killed soon after their arrival in Western Missouri. The old Chief Shabonee narrowly escaped with his life from the vengeance of his foes. This caused him and his family to return to Illinois, in about one year after having left it. From this time until in 1849, Shabonee and his family, some 20 to 25 in number, lived at the Grove in peace and quietness with the white neighbors surrounding them. By this time, the Pottawattomies and Ottawas had been again removed to a new reservation granted them in Kansas, and Shabonee again, with his family, left their old homes in Illinois, to join their red brethren in the new one to be occupied. He remained there with his old friends and tribe, some three years, then again with his family, retraced their steps back to their old home in the Illinois grove, only to find his village and lands in the possession of strangers; the old home, he and his family had occupied for more than 40 years, was lost to him forever. When he fully realized his forlorn situation, it is said that the old warrior who, probably had scarcely ever before shed a tear, here "wept like a child." But his cup of misery was not yet full. An unfeeling brute, the new owner of the land, upon which, on his return, Shabonee and his family encamped, cursed the poor old man for having cut a few lodge poles, on what he thought was his own property, and peremptorily ordered him and his family to leave the Grove. This they did, and it is said that Shabonee never visited it again. A few friends, realizing the destitute situation in which the poor old Chief and his family were placed, purchased for him a small tract of twenty acres of timber land on the Mazon Creek, a short distance south of Morris, in this State. The situation of the land and its surroundings were of a character to suit the In-



dians. The land was fenced in, a small spot broken up for tillage, and a double log cabin built for them. Here in a semi-state of poverty and wretchedness, the old Chief, and part of his family lived, most of the time in wigwams, or tents, using the house for storage purposes and as a barn.

Shabonee died July 27, 1859, aged about 83 years. He was buried in the county of Morris, and be it said to the shame of the white men, no memorial stone, nothing but a piece of board stuck in the ground, shows the spot, where lies the remains of the best and truest Indian friend, which the early settlers of Northern Illinois had in the day of their tribulation. The second wife of Shabonee, a very large and decrepit old woman, weighing some 400 pounds, together with her grandchild, were drowned near Morris in the spring of 1864, and both lie buried by the side of Shabonee. Since the death of Shabonee and his wife, I believe that all the members of the band yet left, have joined their brethren in the Indian Territory. Shabonee was not by birth an hereditary Chief, and in fact, only became one over his band, by their tacit consent, after the death of his first wife's father. In his personal appearance, he was a model of physical strength. One of the finest specimens of the American aborigine. Tall in stature, straight as an arrow, large head and face, with pleasant features and an agreeable expression of countenance. He was not much of an orator, yet his words of wisdom always had their weight in council deliberations. Until quite late in life (after his return from the West in 1838), he was remarkably temperate in his habits, scarcely ever tasting of the "fire-water," that great enemy of his race. No doubt his long association with Tecumseh, who also was remarkably temperate in his habits, had its influence upon the mind and character of Shabonee. It is well known that Tecumseh, both by precept and example, ever tried to impress on the minds of his red brethren, that most of the unnumbered woes which had been fastened upon their race, were in the main, attributable to their inordinate love of whisky, and the usual debaucheries following its use. Shabonee, in another trait of his character, showed what influence had been made upon it by the teachings of his model leader Tecumseh, viz.: his humanity always shown and protection from indiscriminate slaughter, afforded to the unfortunate captives of war who fell into his hands. This is attested to by Caldwell in the document before us. This remarkable departure from the general usages and practices of savage warfare are well worth recording.

The name and memory of Shabonee will be ever dear to the old settlers of this section of the West; the prompt action he took to thwart the schemes of that wily old savage, Black Hawk, and

save from his savage fury the lives of so many of our early pioneers, many of whom would certainly have been sacrificed, had it not been for his disinterested efforts in their behalf. To show that the feelings of grateful remembrance still exist, we need but look around in this and adjoining counties, to find how frequently the name of Shabonee, incorporated with that of townships, public squares, streets, "Chapters," "Wigwams," "Commanderies," etc. Truly, by race and descent, he was what we so often call a "savage of the wilderness," very few of whom have shown to the world, notwithstanding the efforts in their behalf of Christian teachers, and their contact, more or less, with our modern civilization, so many redeeming traits of character as did Shabonee; but we are sorry to have to record, that during the last few years of his long life, his sorrows and poverty increased. Surrounded by white neighbors, and almost in daily contact with civilized man, yet this contact failed to produce good results. On the contrary, that so-called civilized man, too often tempted the poor old Indian to indulge in a too liberal use of the accursed "fire-water," which generally left him in a state of maudlin helplessness, pitiable to behold. Let us throw a veil over his few faults, and remember his many virtues.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12, 1877.

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## COL. G. S. HUBBARD'S NARRATIVE.

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Knowing that Col. G. S. Hubbard, of this city, had a much larger and more intimate acquaintance than myself, with both Caldwell and Shab-o-nee, and also his knowledge of the history and events of this section of the West, for more than half a century past, was more extensive than probably that of any other man now amongst us. I submitted my manuscript for his perusal before presenting it to the Society, with a request that if I had omitted any important facts in the history of the two men whose memoirs I have attempted to give, that he would kindly add to my manuscript such additions, as, in his judgment, were necessary to make it more complete. In response, Col. Hubbard has furnished the following interesting narrative of events, in which both Caldwell and Shab-o-nee, as well as himself, took an active part; and I know that events of the period, so well and graphically drawn by the Colonel, will be read with much interest by all who are interested in the early history of this country:—



At the breaking out of the Winnebago war, early in July, 1827, Fort Dearborn was without military occupation.\*

Doctor Alexander Wolcott, Indian Agent, had charge of the Fort, living in the brick building, just within the north stockade previously occupied by the commanding officers.

The old officers' quarters built of logs, on the west, and within the pickets, were occupied by Russell E. Heacock, and one other American family, while a number of *voyageurs*, with their families were living in the soldiers' quarters, on the east side of the enclosure. The store-house and guard-house were on either side of the southern gate; the sutler's store was east of the north gate, and north of the soldiers' barracks; the block-house was located at the south-west and the bastion at the north-west corners of the Fort, and the magazine, of brick, was situated about half-way between the west end of the guard and block-houses.

The annual payment of the Pottawatomie Indians occurred in September of the year 1828. A large body of them had assembled, according to custom, to receive their annuity. These left after the payment for their respective villages, except a portion of Big Foot's band.

The night following the payment, there was a dance in the soldiers' barracks, during the progress of which a violent storm of wind and rain arose; and about midnight, these quarters were struck by lightning and totally consumed, together with the store-house and a portion of the guard-house.

The sleeping inmates of Mr. Kinzie's house, on the opposite bank of the river, were aroused by the cry of "*fire*," from Mrs. Helm, one of their number, who, from her window, had seen the flames. On hearing the alarm I, with Robert Kinzie, late Paymaster of United States' Army, hastily arose, and only partially dressed, ran to the river. To our dismay, we found the canoe, which was used for crossing the river, filled with water; it had

\* Should any one be curious enough to inquire into the causes which led to, and brought about, this so-called "Winnebago War," let him consult "Reynolds' Life and Times," and also an interesting article on the subject furnished the Jacksonville (Ill.) *Journal*, August 17, 1871, by the Hon. Wm. Thomas, of that city, and which article was also reproduced in one of our city papers a few months since, under the head of "Fifty Years Ago."

This speck of war with a portion of our aboriginal inhabitants, on the then Western frontier, was caused, like too many others of a similar character, which for more than two centuries past, have from time to time, been the cause which has deluged our frontier settlements in blood, by the wanton brutality, outrage, and total disregard of decency and right, perpetrated by a few semi-civilized, drunken white men, upon a portion of the band of Winnebagoes, then encamped near Prairie du Chien, whose motto at that time seemed to be, as is too often the case now-a-days, *viz.*: "That the poor Indians have no rights which a white man is bound to respect."

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been partially drawn up on the beach and became filled by the dashing of the waves. Not being able to turn it over, and having nothing with which to bail it out, we lost no time, but swam the stream. Entering by the north gate we saw at a glance the situation. The barracks and store-house being wrapped in flames, we directed our energies to the saving of the guard-house, the east end of which was on fire. Mr. Kinzie, rolling himself in a wet blanket, got upon the roof. The men and women, about 40 in number, formed a line to the river, and with buckets, tubs, and every available utensil, passed the water to him; this was kept up till daylight before the flames were subdued. Mr. Kinzie maintaining his dangerous position with great fortitude, though his hands, face, and portions of his body were severely burned. His father, mother, and sister, Mrs. Helm, had meanwhile freed the canoe from water, and crossing in it, fell into line with those carrying water.

Some of the Big Foot band of Indians were present at the fire, but merely as spectators, and could not be prevailed upon to assist, they all left the next day for their homes. The strangeness of their behavior was the subject of discussion among us.

Six or eight days after this event, while at breakfast in Mr. Kinzie's house, we heard singing, faintly at first, but gradually growing louder as the singers approached. Mr. Kinzie recognized the leading voice as that of Bob Forsyth, and left the table for the piazza of the house, where we all followed. About where Wells street now crosses the river, in plain sight from where we stood, was a light birch bark canoe, manned with 13 men, rapidly approaching, the men keeping time with their paddles to one of the Canadian boat songs; it proved to be Gov. Cass and his Secretary, Robert Forsyth, and they landed and soon joined us. From them we first learned of the breaking out of the Winnebago war, and the massacre on the Upper Mississippi. Gov. Cass was at Green Bay by appointment, to hold a treaty with the Winnebagoes and Menomonee tribes, who, however, did not appear to meet him in council. News of hostilities reaching the Governor there, he immediately procured a light birch bark canoe, purposely made for speed, manned it with 12 men at the paddles and a steersman, and started up the river, making a portage into the Wisconsin, then down it and the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis.

Here he persuaded the commanding officer to charter a steamer and embarking troops on it, ascended the Mississippi in search of the hostile Indians, and to give aid to the troops at Fort Snelling. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois River, the Governor (with his men and canoe, having been brought so far on the



steamer), here left it, and ascending that stream and the Des Plaines, passed through Mud Lake into the south branch of the Chicago River, reached Chicago. This trip from Green Bay round, was performed in about 13 days, the Governor's party sleeping only 5 to 7 hours, and averaging 60 to 70 miles travel each day. On the Wisconsin River they passed Winnebago encampments without molestation. They did not stop to parley, passing rapidly by, singing their boat songs; the Indians were so taken by surprise that, before they recovered from their astonishment, the canoe was out of danger. Gov Cass remained at Chicago but a few hours, coasting Lake Michigan back to Green Bay. As soon as he left, the inhabitants of Chicago assembled for consultation. Big Foot was suspected of acting in concert with the Winnebagoes, as he was known to be friendly to them, and many of his band had intermarried with that tribe.

Shab-o-nee was not here at the payment, his money having been drawn for him by his friend, Billy Caldwell. The evening before Gov. Cass' visit, however, he was in Chicago, and then the guest of Caldwell. At my suggestion, he and Caldwell were engaged to visit Big Foot's village (Geneva Lake), and get what information they could of the plans of the Winnebagoes; and also learn what action Big Foot's band intended taking. They left immediately, and on nearing Geneva Lake, arranged that Shab-o-nee should enter the village alone, Caldwell remaining hidden.

Upon entering the village, Shab-o-nee was made a prisoner, and accused of being a friend of the Americans, and a spy. He affected great indignation at these charges and said to Big Foot: "I was not at the payment, but was told by my braves that you desired us to join the Winnebagoes and make war on the Americans. I think the Winnebagoes have been foolish; alone they cannot succeed. So I have come to council with you, hear what you have to say, when I will return to my people and report all you tell me; if they shall then say, we will join you, I will consent." After talking nearly all night they agreed to let him go, provided he was accompanied by one of their own number; to this proposal Shab-o-nee readily consented, though it placed him in a dangerous position. His friend Caldwell was waiting for him in the outskirts of the village, and his presence must not be known, as it would endanger both of their lives. Shab-o-nee was equal to the emergency. After leaving, in company with one of Big Foot's braves, as the place of Caldwell's concealment was neared, he commenced complaining in a loud voice of being suspected and made a prisoner, and when quite near, said, "We must have no one with us in going to Chicago. Should we meet any one of your band or *any one else*, we must tell them to go away; we must

go by ourselves, and get to Chicago by noon to-morrow. Kinzie will give us something to eat, and we can go on next day."

Caldwell heard and understood the meaning of this, and started alone by another route: Strategy was still to be used, as Shab-o-nee desired to report; so on nearing Chicago, he said to his companion, "If Kinzie sees you, he will ask why your band did **not** assist in putting out the fire? Maybe he has heard news of the war and is angry with Big Foot; let us camp here, for our horses are very tired." This they did, and after a little, the Big Foot brave suggested that Shab-o-nee should go to the Fort for food and information. This was what he wanted to do, and he lost no time in reporting the result of his expedition, and procuring food returned to his camp. Starting the next morning with his companion for his own village; on reaching it he called a council of his Indians, who were addressed by Big Foot's emissary; but they declined to take part with the Winnebagoes, advising Big Foot to remain neutral.

On receiving Shab-o-nee's report, the inhabitants of Chicago were greatly excited; fearing an attack, we assembled for consultation, when I suggested sending to the Wabash for assistance, and tendered my services as messenger. This was at first objected to, on the ground that a majority of the men at the Fort were in my employ, and in case of an attack, no one could manage them or enforce their aid but myself. It was, however, decided that I should go as I knew the route and all the settlers. An attack would probably not be made until Big Foot's ambassador had returned with his report; this would give at least two weeks' security, and in that time I could, if successful, make the trip and return. I started between 4 and 5 P.M., reaching my trading house on the Iroquois River by midnight, where I changed my horse and went on; it was a dark, rainy night. On reaching Sugar Creek, I found the stream swollen out of its banks, and my horse refusing to cross, I was obliged to wait till daylight, when I discovered that a large tree had fallen across the trail, making the ford impassable. I swam the stream and went on, reaching my friend Mr. Spencer's house at noon, tired out. Mr. Spencer started immediately to give the alarm, asking for volunteers to meet at Danville the next evening, with five days' rations. By the day following at the hour appointed, 100 men were organized into a company, and appointing a Mr. Morgan, an old frontier fighter, as their Captain, we immediately started for Chicago, camping that night on the north fork of the Vermillion River. It rained continually, the trail was very muddy, and we were obliged to swim most of the streams and many of the large sloughs, but we still pushed on, reaching Fort Dearborn the seventh day after my departure, to the great joy of the waiting people.



We re-organized, and had a force of about 150 men, Morgan commanding. At the end of 30 days, news came of the defeat of the Winnebagoes, and of their treaty with the commanding officer, who went from Jefferson Barracks, as before stated. Upon hearing this, Morgan disbanded his company, who returned to their homes, leaving Fort Dearborn in charge of the Indian Agent as before.

I cannot close this communication without adding my testimony to that of Mr. Hickling's, regarding the character and services of that noble Indian Chief, Shab-o-nee.

From my first acquaintance with him, which began in the fall of 1818, to his death, I was impressed with the nobleness of his character. Physically, he was as fine a specimen of a man as I ever saw; tall, well proportioned, strong and active, with a face expressing great strength of mind and goodness of heart. Had he been favored with the advantages of education, he might have commanded a high position among the men of his day.

He was remarkable for his integrity, of a generous and forgiving nature, always hospitable, and until his return from the West, a strictly temperate man, not only abstaining himself from all intoxicating liquors, but influencing his people to do the same. He was ever a friend to the white settlers, and should be held by them and their descendants in grateful remembrance.

He had an uncommonly retentive memory, and a perfect knowledge of this Western country. He would readily draw on the sand, or bed of ashes, quite a correct map of the whole district from the lakes West to the Missouri River; giving general courses of rivers, designating towns and places of notoriety, even though he had never seen them.

It has been reported that Shab-o-nee said that Tecumseh was killed by Col. R. M. Johnson. This, I am convinced is a mistake, for I have often conversed with him on that subject, and he invariably said that balls were striking all around them; by one of them Tecumseh fell by his side; that no one could tell who directed the fatal shot, unless it were the person who fired it; that person was claimed to be Johnson.

It ought to be a matter of regret and mortification to us all, that our Government so wronged this man, who so often periled his own life to save those of the whites, by withholding from him the title to the land granted him under a solemn treaty. The Commissioners, representing our Government, having given him their pledge that the land allotted him by the Pottawatomie Nation should be guaranteed to him by our Government and he protected in its ownership.

He never sold his right to the land, but by force was driven from it; when he returned from the West to take possession, and found that our Government, disregarding his rights, had sold it.

# THE WINNEBAGO SCARE.

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The following paper—with that of Col. Hubbard's—will present very fully all the facts connected with what is known as the "Winnebago Scare." It is published by us under the following circumstances:—

Mr. Beckwith called upon the publishers in company with Col. Hubbard, who came to the office to obtain a proof of his narrative. On being introduced to Mr. Fergus, Mr. Beckwith remarked that he was also engaged in writing up the Winnebago War, from manuscript notes taken by him at interviews with Col. Hubbard, Mr. Cunningham, and others; and that he had taken considerable pains with details not embraced in Col. Hubbard's narrative. Whereupon Mr. Fergus desired him to prepare a manuscript to be published in the same pamphlet with Col. Hubbard's, so as to give completeness to the whole campaign; and the manuscript herewith is furnished in compliance with his promise in response to Mr. Fergus' request.

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## PREFACE.

GENTLEMEN:—At your request, I herewith send my manuscript on the so-called Winnebago War, omitting the portion of it covered by the narrative of Col. Hubbard, which you already have upon the same subject. The two accounts, taken together, will give a very accurate and interesting detail of the hitherto unpublished History of the "Winnebago Scare," so far as it relates to the eastern part of Illinois. The account which follows I have condensed from notes taken at several very lengthy interviews with Mr. Hezekiah Cunningham. I have reduced it to narrative form, for convenience in reading, taking much pains with detail, and paying no attention to rhetorical embellishment whatever, believing that the former is paramount and the latter of trifling import in gathering material for the use of the future historian.

As for the narrator, Mr. Cunningham, was born in 1803, in Pittsylvania Co., Va.; he settled on the "North-Arm-Prairie," near Paris, in what was then Clark, and which is now Edgar County, this State, in 1819. In 1825, he removed to the Little Vermilion River, within the present limits of Vermilion County. He resided here until 1828, when he came to Danville, in which place he has resided for almost half a century. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, hearty and active in both body and mind. His health has always been good; his habits temperate and that of a Christian in every particular; he is remarkable for his tenacious memory, recollecting facts, dates, names, and events which he recalls with a readiness and accuracy possessed by very few men, at any time of life. He has never been a reader of books, and is well known for his truthfulness, and full confidence may be reposed in his statements.

H. W. BECKWITH.

*Danville, Ill., Dec. 7th, 1877.*



Here follows the narrative of Mr. Cunningham: I was out in the Winnebago War. Myself, Joshua Parish, now living at Georgetown, Abel Williams, living near Dallas, and almost ninety years old, and Gurdon S. Hubbard, of Chicago, are the only survivors, according to the best of my present information.

In the night time, about the 15th or 20th of July, 1827, I was awakened by my brother-in-law, Alexander McDonald, telling me that Mr. Hubbard had just come in from Chicago with the word that the Indians were about to massacre the people there, and that men were wanted for their protection at once. The inhabitants of the County capable of bearing arms had been enrolled under the militia laws of the State, and organized as "The Vermilion County Battalion," in which I held a commission as Captain. I dressed myself and started forthwith to notify all the men belonging to my company to meet at Butler's Point, (six miles southwest of Danville), the place where the County business was then conducted and where the militia met to muster. The Captains of the other companies were notified the same as myself, and they warned out their respective companies the same as I did mine. I rode the remainder of the night at this work, up and down the Little Vermilion.

At noon the next day, the Battalion were at Butler's Point; most of the men lived on the Little Vermilion River, and had to ride or walk from six to twelve miles to the place of rendezvous. Volunteers were called for, and in a little while fifty men, the required number, were raised. Those who agreed to go, then held an election of their officers for the campaign, choosing Achilles Morgan, Captain; Major Bayles, First Lieutenant; and Col. Isaac R. Moores, as Second. The names of the private men, as far as I now remember them, are as follows: George M. Beckwith, John Beasley, myself, (Hezekiah Cunningham), Julian Ellis, Seaman Cox, James Dixon, Asa Elliot, Francis Foley, William Foley, a Mr. Hammers, Jacob Heater, a Mr. Davis, Evin Morgan, Isaac Goen, Jonathan Phelps, Joshua Parish, William Reed, John Myers, ("Little Vermilion John") John Saulsbury, a Mr. Kirkman, Anthony Swisher, George Swisher, Joseph Price, George Weir, John Vaughn, Newton Wright, and Abel Williams. Many of the men were without horses, and the neighbors who had horses and did not go, loaned their animals to those who did; still there were five men who started afoot, as there were no horses to be had for them. We disbanded, after we were mustered in, and went home to cook five days' rations, and were ordered to be at Danville the next day.

The men all had a pint of whiskey, believing it essential to mix a little of it with the slough water we were to drink on our route.

Abel Williams, however, was smart enough to take some ground coffee, and a tin cup along, using no stimulants whatever; he had warm drinks on the way up to Chicago, and coming back all of us had the same.

We arrived at the Vermilion River about noon on Sunday, the day after assembling at Butler's Point. The river was up, running, bank full, about a hundred yards wide, with a strong current. Our men and saddles were taken over in a canoe. We undertook to swim our horses, and as they were driven into the water the current would strike them and they would swim in a circle and return to the shore a few rods below. Mr. Hubbard, provoked at this delay, threw off his coat and said, "Give me old Charley," meaning a large, steady-going horse, owned by James Butler and loaned to Jacob Heater. Mr. Hubbard, mounting this horse, boldly dashed into the stream, and the other horses were quickly crowded after him. The water was so swift that "old Charley" became unmanageable, when Mr. Hubbard dismounted on the upper side and seized the horse by the mane, near the animal's head, and swimming with his left arm, guided the horse in the direction of the opposite shore. We were afraid he would be washed under the horse or struck by his feet and be drowned; but he got over without damage, except the wetting of his broadcloth pants and moccasins. These he had to dry on his person, as we pursued our journey.

I will here say that a better man than Mr. Hubbard could not have been sent to our people. He was well known to all the settlers. His generosity, his quiet and determined courage, and his integrity, were so well known and appreciated that he had the confidence and goodwill of everybody, and was a well-recognized leader among us pioneers.

At this time there, were no persons living on the north bank of the Vermilion River near Danville, except Robert Trickle and George Weir, up near the present woolen factory, and William Reed and Dan Beckwith; the latter had a little log cabin on the bluff of the Vermilion near the present highway bridge, or rather on the edge of the hill east of the highway some rods. Here he kept store, in addition to his official duties as Constable and County Surveyor. The store contained a small assortment of such articles as were suitable for barter with the Indians, who were the principal customers. We called it "The Saddle-Bags Store," because the supplies were brought up from Terre Haute in saddle-bags, that indispensable accompaniment of every rider in those days before highways were provided for the use of vehicles.

Mr. Reed had been elected Sheriff the previous March, receiving fifty-seven out of the eighty votes that were cast at the election,



and which represented about the entire voting population of the County at that time. Both Reed and Dan wanted to go with us, and after quite a warm controversy between them, as it was impossible for them both to leave, it was agreed that Reed should go and that Beckwith would look after the affairs of both until Reed's return. Amos Williams was building his house at Danville at this time; the sale of lots having taken place the previous April.

Crossing the North Fork at Denmark, three miles north of Danville, we passed the cabin of Seymour Treat. He was building a mill at that place; and his house was the last one in which a family was living until we reached Hubbard's Trading Post, on the north bank of the Iroquois River, near what has since been known as the town of Buncombe; and from this trading house there was no other habitation, Indian wigwams excepted, on the line of our march until we reached Fort Dearborn.

It was a wilderness of prairie all the way, except a little timber we passed through near Sugar Creek; and at the Iroquois.

Late in the afternoon, we halted at the last crossing of the North Fork, at Bicknell's Point, a little north of the present town of Rossville. Here three of the footmen turned back, as the condition of the streams rendered it impossible for them to continue longer with us. Two men who had horses also left us. After a hasty lunch we struck out across the eighteen-mile prairie, the men stringing out on the trail Indian file, reaching Sugar Creek late in the night, where we went into camp on the south bank, near the present town of Milford.

The next day before noon, we arrived at Hubbard's Trading House, which was on the north bank of the Iroquois, about a quarter of a mile from the river. A lot of Indians, some of them half naked, were lying and lounging about the river bank and Trading House; and when it was proposed to swim our horses over, in advance of passing the men in boats, the men objected, fearing the Indians would take our horses, or stampede them, or do us some other mischief. Mr. Hubbard assured us that these savages were friendly, and we afterward learned that they were Pottawatomies, known as "Hubbard's Band," from the fact that he had long traded with and had a very great influence over them.

It is proper to state here that we were deficient in arms. : We gathered up squirrel-rifles, flint-locks, old muskets, or anything like a gun that we may have had about our houses. Some of us had no fire-arms at all. I, myself, was among this number. Mr. Hubbard supplied those of us who had inefficient weapons, or those of us who were without them. He also gave us flour and salt pork. He had lately brought up the Iroquois River a supply

of these articles. We remained at Hubbard's Trading House the remainder of the day, cooking rations and supplying our necessities. The next morning, we again moved forward, swimming Beaver Creek, and crossing the Kankakee River at the Rapids, just at the head of the Island near Momence; pushing along, we passed Yellowhead's Village. The old Chief, with a few old men and the squaws and pappooses, were at home. The young men were off on a hunt. Remaining here a little time, we again set out, and going about five miles, encamped at the point of the timber on Yellowhead's Creek. The next morning, we again set out, crossing a branch of the Calumet to the west of the Blue Island. All the way from Danville we had followed an Indian trail, since known as "Hubbard's trace;" there was no sign of roads; the prairies and whole country was crossed and re-crossed by Indian trails; and we never could have got through but for the knowledge which Mr. Hubbard had of the country. It had been raining for some days before we left home, and it rained almost every day on the route. The streams and sloughs were full of water. We swam the former and travelled through the latter, sometimes almost by the hour. Many of the ponds were so deep that our men dipped up the water to drink as they sat in their saddles. Col. Hubbard fared better than the rest of us; that is, he did not get his legs wet so often; for he rode a very tall iron-gray stallion, that Peleg Spencer, Sr., living two miles south of Danville, loaned him. The little Indian pony which Hubbard rode in from the Iroquois to Spencer's was so used up as to be unfit for the return journey.

We reached Chicago about four o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, in the midst of one of the most severe rainstorms I ever experienced, accompanied by thunder and vicious lightning. The rain we did not mind, we were without tents and were used to wetting. The water we took within us hurt us more than that which fell upon us, as drinking it made many of us sick.

The people of Chicago were very glad to see us. They were expecting an attack every hour since Col. Hubbard had left them, and as we approached they did not know whether we were enemies or friends, and when they learned that we were friends they gave us a shout of welcome.

They had organized a company of thirty or fifty men, composed mostly of Canadian half-breeds, interspersed with a few Americans, all under command of Capt. Beaubien; the Americans seeing that we were a better looking crowd, wanted to leave their associates and join our company. This feeling caused quite a row, and the officers finally restored harmony and the discontented men went back to their old command.



The town of Chicago was composed at this time of six or seven American families, a number of half-breeds, and a lot of idle, vagabond Indians loitering about. I made the acquaintance of Robert and James Kinzie, and their father, John Kinzie.

We kept guard day and night for some eight or ten days, when a runner came in—I think from Green Bay—bringing word that Gen. Cass had concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes, and that we might now disband and go home.

The citizens were overjoyed at the news; and in their gladness they turned out one barrel of gin, one barrel of brandy, one barrel of whiskey, knocking the heads of the barrels in. Everybody was invited to take a free drink, and, to tell the plain truth, everybody *did* drink.

The ladies at Fort Dearborn treated us especially well. I say this without disparaging the good and cordial conduct of the men toward us. The ladies gave us all manner of good things to eat. They loaded us with provisions and gave us all those delicate attentions that the kindness of womans' heart would suggest. Some of them—three ladies whom I understood were recently from New York, distributed tracts and other reading matter among our company, and interested themselves zealously in our spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

We started on our return, camping out of nights, and reaching home on the evening of the third day. The only good water we got going out or coming back was at a remarkable spring bursting out of the top of a little mound, in the midst of a slough, a few miles south of the Kankakee. I shall never forget this spring; it was a curiosity, found in the situation I have described.

In conclusion, under the Bounty Act of 1852, I received a warrant for eighty acres of land for my services in the campaign above narrated.